

COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL.XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1918.

NO.2.

STUDENTS CALLED BACK TO THEIR ALMA MATER.

Students return Nov. 11.

Nov. 11 saw the students of St. Joseph's rallying back to their place of studies after a rather unusual vacation. All returned with a happy disposition. The war had just come to a pleasing end, and we were ready to spend a month or so at hard studying, and rejoice again when Christmas comes. But hardly had we begun our work when that recent tyrant, the "Flu" raised his head again apparently from the grave, and e're we knew it he was scattering his vile germ in our very midst. We are very unfortunate because of this, but all we can do is to bear it patiently. Thanks to the able nurses that have come to help us in our need. Those of us who thus far have escaped the "Flu" feel almost lost. So many of our number have decided to leave us for a week or so to be entertained by this unkind intruder. But with the care that is given those that are ill we can safely hope that all will soon be in good health again, and that we can go on with our work uninterrupted. After we have finished dealing with the "Flu" we can proceed with our daily duties considering this one of the most fortunate years of our life, since the slaughter of men across the seas has come to an end. How many of the lives of those who are now in service will be spared from the almost unendurable hardships of the trenches, of injury, and even of death. The demonstration of gladness that took place everywhere in this country when the fighting ceased was something unparalleled in the history of our nation. Although the expressions of joy were such as we had never seen before they could not be as great as the joy felt by those who can now expect a safe return of a brother or even a son. But we dare not forget those who have fallen in battle. Although their cause was noble, the sorrow of those dear to them must be even greater than the joy of those fortunate ones who will see the return of their soldier friends.

Optimistic.

The first quarterly examinations have dropped out, but the semi-annuals are coming.

War is over and it is now time to buy your tailor made suit or overcoat. We have a great line on display.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

James O'Brien joined the Motor Transport Corps. He was our quarter back in football and a star basketball player. He will surely be missed in athletics.

A Thanksgiving Song.

(May be sung after the melody of 'Maryland! My Maryland!')

A turkey lying on its side,
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!
Cranberry sauce in bowl so wide,
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!
Then soup of chicken, fragrance high
And butter fresh, my heart does sigh
At such a table, 'My, Oh My!'
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!

Big celery stalks and endive swell
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!
Popcorn buttered and homemade jell,
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!
Rare grapes and nuts and raisins fine
Go e'er so well with champaign wine;
Round golden pumpkins' faces shine
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!

Oh buckwheat cakes and ginger snaps,
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!
Salted peanuts and chocolate caps,
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!
Red apples roasted, dried or fried
With big plum pudding, side by side,
Old spinsters, who on broomsticks ride,
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!

Here's taffy white, and pink and brown,
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!
Such prunes and olives, best around!
Turkey fry and pumpkin pie!
Red-beets and carrots, turnips rare,
Delicious tarts and fried cakes fair,
All marching safe from plates in pair.
Rah! for our own S. J. C.

—S. A. B.

Sidetracked.

THE St. Joe Daily for 1918 ran into an open switch on Oct. 11 near Collegeville, Ind. The exact cause of the wreck and five weeks delay is not definitely known, but the "Flu Special" for October was running late and conductor Pneumonia wished to make up lost time. Switchman La Grippe was supposed to have received instruction to hold the St. Joe Daily but the message miscarried, and the Daily in passing through Collegeville ran into the switch open for the "Flu Special". There was no loss of life but the Daily of 1918 was damaged and laid up for repairs taking five weeks time.

I AM WAR.

I am a pestilence
Sweeping the world —
Hate is the root of me,
Death is the fruit of me,
Swift is my stroke;
Blood is the sign of me,
Steel is the twine of me,
Thus shall ye know me:
I am the death of Life,
I am the life of Death,
I am War!

I am a madness
Riding the necks of men —
Champing of nations armed,
Stamping of war-horse hoofs,
Charging unbridled;
Camping of nations armed,
Flashing of swordblades,
Rumbling of cannon wheels,
Crumbling of kingdoms,
These are my harbingers:
I am the death of Law,
I am the law of Death,
I am War!

I am a menace
Seducing the nations;
Diplomats lie for me,
Patriots die for me,
Lovers I lack not —
Cannon mouths speak of me,
Battlefields reek of me,
Widowed wives shriek of me,
Cursing my name:
I am the death of Joy,
I am the joy of Death,
I am War!

MADAME FLU.

In a nearby town an elderly man was just returning from his daily labor. As he rode along the road in his wagon he met an old weather beaten hag who was moping along the way to the village. She was as hideous as an ill spent life can make one and as deformed as the witches portrayed by our Shakespeare.

Drawing near he asked her to ride with him to town and, as was her nature she willingly accepted. It is a part of her character to fall in with mankind and by her proximity reap evil and devastation. She sat and chatted with her benefactor and marveled at his good will toward her who was so hideous and overbearing.

The journey being ended she alighted and said: "Kind friend, ask one favor and it shall be granted." Exceedingly surprised he asked her who she might be. She replied: "I am Madame Flu, the person who has visited your cities and having breathed my destruction have left you to bury your dead."

He begged her as his one great wish not to take but one person in his town. As he had favored her she willingly acceded to his demand.

Soon the town was filled with the "Flu" and many people died. The man being indignant happened to meet the hag and said: "Why is it that you have not granted me my wish?" She replied:

"I have done so. I took one life only the rest being afraid of my grip and hearing of me from other cities died of fear."

Moral:

Keep your shoes on. He who is afraid will pass in his checks.

Somewhere in America,
September 19, 1918.

Dear Mother Cow:—

The cow, I think, is greatly responsible for the high standing of modern civilization; and milk is at the bottom of all great progress in life. I begin to realize this more and more. Milk this summer did not only improve my complexion but gave my joints that rare flexibility which results in 'fastness'. My Craw also has become exceedingly exasperated on this same account.

The war saving method of producing more milk is a great loss, the milk being, as it is, thinned out with chalk and Iceland mineral water, all of which makes it (take this from an experienced milk-sop) exceedingly better and more wholesome. It moreover, gives strength to ride the Machabees and also gives me an opportunity to work with Dad, who lets me drive Pat and Molly.

Iceland mineral water contains an abundance of chlorate, mum, splenoid oil, mucronated and mucid mucilage, etc. As you most probably know, this makes a mollusk and mome out of a fellow, (take me for example), and also brings on heavy sleeps, which I always make use of if no one disturbs me, and metempshichosis in which I dream that I belong to the C. L. S. and during which I act as if my metataurus was all brains.

The fellows are speaking of making calf out of me for the bookbinder, but I'm enough of a calf already. They also want to feed me fried oysters (instead of milk) cooked in pigeon milk, and later take the pigeon milk away too. But weaning is a hard job and they will have a time with me. If they put this idea into practice I'll have you to come, mother cow, and feed me, 'Milk Sop.'

From—Your affiliated Baby Cow
Gewped Namreh.
Sleepy Hollow, New 'Jersey'
U. S. S.

AUTUMN SENTIMENTS.

Leafy caverns hold the secret
Of my feelings, weal or woe.
Rustling zephyrs call me blessed —
Melancholy whispers low.
In the changeful woods of autumn
Mingled thoughts my soul invade;
Oft, methinks, I hear the solemn
Tones of home float through the shade.
Soon a playful, youthful spirit
Wakens me to joy of life.
Soon by sterner thoughts I'm wearied;
Soon again by inward strife.
Enters hope and still devotion,
Reassurance, soothing calm.
And o'er wounds of passed affliction
Oozes gently healing balm.

G. B.

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ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Saturday, November 23, 1918.

EDITORIALS.**The Work of Reconstruction and the
 College Student.**

THE Peace Dove has finally found a place upon which to alight on the deluged fields of Europe. The military war is over. But, thinking men tell us, a bigger war has already found birth in the havoc wrought by the old,—a struggle more noble in its purpose yet perhaps more subtle and bitter in its methods. It is the war of reconstruction, not militaristic but social, economic in its aims.

This war is one, not of a few years, but one which will confront us for more than a quarter century. It will effect also the college student of the present, who will be the business man of the future. It is undeniable that the average student fails to recognize the significance of social and economic problems of his time, and this failure of appreciation gives us the reason for his proverbial ignorance of such matters. This same rule is applicable to the changes which are now taking place.

But the student of St. Joe cannot afford to be ignorant of the vital questions of our daily life, which are clamoring louder than ever for solution. No matter to what vocation he aspires, the problem of securing a true and lasting peace, and content for all classes of his fellowmen is of vital import, and should be the subject of his keenest interests and closest attention. Sooner or later he will be a St. Joe student no longer. Why not prepare for that time, when he will be called upon to take his place in the ranks of thinkers and doers.

He can do this best by extensive and systematic reading. He surely has opportunities galore. St. Joseph's offers him free access to the excellent list of first class magazines in its Library. Let him follow them. He should choose certain magazines, adapted to his abilities and interests and read their leaders regularly. Catholic publications are of course always preferable where they can be had, and St. Joseph's College Library offers them. 'Truth', 'America', 'Catholic World', 'Fortnightly', 'Extension', 'Central Blatt and Social Justice', 'Columbiad' and 'Catholic Educational Review' offer him excellent facilities for keeping

posted on the leading thought of the day, and if rightly read will place him far ahead of the common people, who, if they had his chances, would perhaps put him to shame.

Swell Overcoats, in the latest cuts, and talk about the nifty patterns, you ought to see them.
Duvall's Quality Shop.



On Thursday, Nov. 14, the St. X. A. A. met in the south side study-hall for the purpose of electing officers for the basket-ball season.

Officers chosen were: B. B. Manager, Joseph Raible; Assistant Manager, Louis Pottkotter; President, Joseph Hiller; Secretary, Joseph Duenser; Advisory Board, Aloysius Kraus, Rufus Esser, and Seraphim Oberhauser.

BASKET-BALL.

The season has now come for those who are devoted participants in our well known winter sport. What is as beneficial as a clean game of basket-ball? Basket-ball is one of the foremost sports while we are here at college. The whole body is exercised and the mind trained by teamwork. We are expecting all the students to turn out and make this season a successful one. Although most of our last year stars have not returned we have excellent new material from which to choose. We are expecting to have an interesting schedule and we shall need the cooperation of everyone to make this season a success. Therefore we most ardently urge you to come out and show us the stuff that you are made of.

We have the greatest line of swell clothes in our city.
Duvall's Quality Shop.

At the Infirmary.

Lying in a springy bed
 With a fever-stricken head;
 Moaning loud and moaning low,
 Ever tossing to and fro;
 Sipping soup and biting crackers
 Is not so bad for classic slackers.

Struggling, battling with the 'Flu'
 Arousing temperature undue;
 Working hard as ne'er before
 Sweating, sweating ever more;
 'Till kicked outside th' infirmary door,
 'To study' and not to stall some more.

Have you seen the swell neckwear at **Duvall's Quality Shop.** Look them over.

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TO DO YOUR WORK.
CLEANING, PRESSING, MENDING, SUITS TO ORDER.
EVERYTHING GUARANTEED.

A CRAZY IDEA.

I went to the sea shore last July to spend the summer. That's all I had to spend. At the end of last season I called on my physician. He looked at my tongue and he said: "My boy you need change." Well, I knew I needed change. I was broke. I didn't need a doctor to find that out. My landlady found that out. She didn't have to look at my tongue to find it out either. Ah, but I knew it before any of them did. You know it don't take you long to find out you're broke. That's one of the easiest things to learn. You don't have to write to Ella Wheelcox to find it out either. But that doctor got all swelled up when he discovered it. He said: "You need change," and advised me to go to a resort place on long island by the sea. He said that the place would do me good. He was doing me good all the time. Doc. says to me: "You must go to the sea-shore, get into a bathing suit and get soaked." Well, I'd got soaked often, but not in a bathing suit. I told him so. He said: "Ah, but that isn't the thing. To get soaked good and proper you need an ocean." An ocean to get soaked? I said: "Doc., you exaggerate my capacity." Then he explained to me the kind of a soak he meant. So the next day I left for the ocean resort. I wouldn't have gone only to see the owner of the summer hotel but he owed a friend of mine a bunch of money and wouldn't pay. So my friend said that I could go to this man's hotel and get soaked at his expense. That is to go there and board out the money that was coming to my friend. Well, that landlord couldn't have treated me any worse if he owed me that money. You see, the proprietor of the hotel was an undertaker. That was his regular business in the winter. He just ran the boarding house in summer. You see, people weren't dying regular around there so he opened up a summer boarding house.

When I got off the train the landlord met me at the station with a hearse. Several other guests had arrived at the same time. All had to get in the hearse. About twelve people in the same hearse. One fellow says: "Say, see here — I can't stand riding in a hearse." He said: "Of course not! Lie down." We had to lie down. We looked like a funeral procession. Everybody thought that there was a railroad wreck along the line. That was a swell way to begin a vacation — in a hearse. But that was only the beginning. The proprietor was a very enterprising man and when we sat

down to meals we found that he had a line or two on the bill-of-fare advertising his undertaking business after each course. He called them courses. We called them curses. And I'll never forget the first bill-of-fare. First there was "soup" and right after the soup an ad — "Funerals directed." A funeral right after the soup. Couldn't wait until after dinner. Then "roast beef" and under the beef — "Embalming done." You couldn't help drawing conclusions. Then "steak" and an ad — "Order your coffin here." He was right. That was the place. A coffin went right with the steaks. You could even use the steaks for hinges. The first time I looked at the bill-of-fare I got all mixed up. I ordered a tombstone instead a piece of pie.

And the landlord didn't even stop there. Oh no! When he had a stone to erect over a grave he'd paste a circular on the back of the slab to advertise his hotel. The first Sunday he said he'd take us out for a jolly time. So he hitched up to three hearses and drove us out to the graveyard. That was the time I saw the monuments with the advertisements on the back. These were all in poetry, written by his daughter. She was a bum poet, too. Most of the ads roasted his rival hotel keeper, a man named O'Brien. I remember a couple of the ads. Here are some:

"Here lies Brown, may his bones feel no achin.
For breakfast each morning we serve liver and bacon."

"Here lies Mrs. Jones, all sympathy give her,
One of O'Brien's biscuits got stuck in her liver."

When I arrived at the hotel the first day, the hotel was overcrowded. So they gave me a room in the cottage behind the hotel. The proprietor used to use the cottage as a store-room for his undertaking establishment. When I came there there weren't enough beds to go around, so I had to sleep in a coffin. The first night I woke up in the middle of the night and had a coffin fit. The coffin was too short for me to sleep on all at once, so I had to sit up until my feet fell asleep. Then I'd put the rest of me in bed with my feet sticking out. If my feet woke up during the night I'd have to get up again. Finally I cut out a large hole in the bottom of my coffin and put my feet through the hole. That night we played pocker till late. Then I went right to bed. Next day the landlord asked me how I quit after the game. I said. "In the hole."

Right near the hotel was an insane asylum. In

fact, our hotel was the next thing to it. The proprietor of our hotel, the undertaker, went over to the bughouse and hired all the harmless idiots in the place to come over to the hotel and work round the place. Of course, he could get all those lunatics cheap because they were "crazy" to work. He hired about twenty of 'em. Well, you know I wasn't paying any board at the place, so the proprietor used to refer to me as the dead one over in the cottage. The first day one of his nutty assistants heard him refer to me as a dead one. So that night while I was sleeping he got the rest of the foolish push to come and see me sleeping in the coffin. They took me out and buried me. I'd have been there yet if the landlord hadn't missed his coffin and run after them. That should have put the landlord wise. He should have sent them back to the asylum right then, but no — he still kept that bunch of idiots — used them to wait on table. And there were fine doings around that hotel. One of the waiters thought he was a Manhattan cocktail and wanted somebody to drink him. Another one imagined he was a Porous Plaster. He got stuck on all the women — till we had him pulled. Those were the kind of things we had waiting on the table. The head waiter was the looniest one in the whole bunch, and his hallucination was that everybody and everything was crazy but himself. He used to get around there with his waiters and give everybody else the laugh. You can imagine what that dining-room was. Those who weren't daffy when they went in, were when they came out. As soon as the crazy head waiter was put in charge he threw out the clock because he said it had wheels. One day we had walnut cake and he wanted to have the cake arrested because he said it was nutty. He wouldn't serve the iced tea because, he said, the ice was cracked. One man came in wearing a diamond stud. The stud was fastened to his shirt tightly, and the head waiter put him out because he had a screw loose. The first time I went down to dinner I wanted to appear to advantage, so I had my shoes shined and polished very carefully. The moment the head waiter saw me come in he grabbed me by the feet, took my shoes off and threw them out. I said, "Say, see here—what did you do that for?" He said: "No shines allowed in the dining-room." Then I went into the dining-room and you ought to have seen the way that batty bunch had the table set. They had a "crazy" quilt on the table instead of a table cloth. Then they put the chairs on the table and the plates on the floor, and we had to sit on the plates and eat off the chairs. You had to be a contortionist to get anything to eat. I broke my leg reaching for a ham sandwich. That night I had a new idiot waiter. One of those fellows that talks as if he's sea sick. This fellow must have gone crazy the first time he ever heard himself talk. But everything went well until I finished the first course. He hadn't spoken yet. As soon as I finished, I called him to remove the plates. He came up and said: "Shall I take anything away?" I said: "No, it's all right — you took my appetite away." He was one of those hard luck maniacs. He thought this country was the worst spot on this side of heaven. And besides, he thought that I was Christopher Columbus.

One day he dropped a tray-full of dishes and slapped me in the face and said: "There, you son of a gun, that's what you get for discovering America." They sent him back to the asylum, and got me a new lunatic. This fellow was very polite. The politest fool I ever saw. He used to ask me about a thousand idiotic questions, but he was so sweet about it I couldn't call him down. He'd say: "Pardon me, will you have lump sugar or roast beef?" I'd say: "Bring me both," Then he'd say: "Certainly, certainly, of course. Excuse me, sir, excuse me, pardon me, do you want me to bring your coffee in a hurry or in a cup?" I said: "See here, my dear Alphonse, bring me some gravy for my potatoes." He said: "Will one forkful be enough?" That same night he came to my room about three o'clock in the morning and woke me up, all excited. "Mr. Brown, please, get up quickly, sir." I jumped out of my coffin. He says: "Sh." I said: "What is the matter — fire?" He said: "Sh," have you got two quarters for a dime?" I said: "No, but give me a two and I'll give you a bunch of fives."

Those maniacs used to come in my room at all hours to ask crazy questions like that. So I put a sign on my door — PLEASE, KNOCK. The day I put up that sign the whole bunch of lunatics walked into my room and sat around me in a circle. One of them said: "Mr. Brown, you are the punkiest actor I ever saw." The next one said: "Mr. Brown, whenever you sing I want to have you pinched. Your voice sounds like a trolley car when the fuse blows out." And that's the way it went all around the circle. Twenty idiots roasting me. I said: "Well, gentlemen, I'm sorry, you don't like me, but what is the cause of the convention?" The polite one goes up to the door and brings me the sign. He said: "Don't your sign say—'PLEASE, KNOCK.'"

JOE JEFFRIES, D. C.

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Special Young Men's Suits

Everything up-to-date in Young Men's Wear.

We have the greatest line and assortment of
Stetson Hats. \$5.00 each.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

BEING A BOY.

Sometimes to be a boy's no fun,
For, if you notice, every one
Expects a boy can get along
And won't take nothin', ever, wrong!
The other folks — now ain't this true? —
Of course must be attended to
And give their choice and asked polite,
But boys — "they get along alright!"
When we go vis'tin some place where
They ain't no beds enough to spare,
They fix the sofa up for me!
"Twill do him nicely!" ma says — gee!
Or when we've comp'ny, like as not
I'm stuck off on a wobbly cot
Jes' anywhere that's out of sight!
But boys — "they get along all right!"
Or when we drive I'm crowded in
Till I'm all squose out good and thin.
"You don't need much room, do you, Roy?"
And I say, no, 'cause I'm a boy!
And at the table (jes' like bed),
When things don't even up, plain bread
And butter does my appetite!
For boys — "they get along all right."
The boy, he draws the hardest seat
Or hops round dodgin' people's feet.
You can't hurt him with lumpy springs
Or old cold cots or other things!
He's built to fit in anywhere,
And what he eats, why, he don't care,
Jes' so it's fodder — not a mite!
For boys — "they get along all right!"

Boys! Look at the swell Frat caps. All colors
we are showing. \$1.00 to \$2.50.

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315 N. Van Rensselaer St.

The Frying Pan.

St. Xavier's motto forever shall be 'Ad Majora Nati Sumus!'

Luley would make a handsome Roman centurian. Don't you think so?

Derr, 'the book-worm' kept busy digesting knowledge; he is the unknown miser to 'soft jobs'.

Benjamin L. J. Mutter retires from the orchestra on account of old age. We hope he will get his pension regularly.

Dirksen, mistaken for Rauh, on account of his good looks. They speak volumes Aloysius.

'Simony' in religion class reminds the Hon. Charles Cowl of his mild relations with Simeon.

Mr. Boehman, the 'sage with specks' resigns his presidency to the D.B.A. Maccabees take notice.

Spaeth (Dutch) has his faithful pet dog to guard his ink-well. By George, he was trained not to bark.

The 'Loyal Prompters' and 'Loud Thinkers' somewhat short-circuited in 3rd Lat.

Dan. had a camera to amuse himself for awhile. He is looking for a new toy now.

Kniekamp, till of late, was known to some Maccabees as 'Georgie'. Such curly locks are his, you know.

Making a historic research to see just how and how far Alek Sebastian is related to King Melcher of Magi fame.

'Squirrels' complains — 'no work!'. We presume he means — 'no play!' However, if we are wrong, please advertise, Squirrels.

The Triumvirs, Scharf, Landol and Hon. Sheehan discussing the relation of Mt. Calvary cemetery to Chicago. They must remember: 'Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.'

Wear a Munsing union. They are grand. We have them in Wools or Cotton or Lisle.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

Children's Wise Sayings.

Pax—"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

Showalter—(in deep thought) "Beyond me!"

Pax—(Inspired) "It rises in der (y)east and goes down behind der vest."

Ladies and Gentlemen—the next atrocity upon this afternoon's program will be Gas O. Line's attempt to better the altitude record of 63 cents made last week by Rot N. Egg.

We have the swellest line of dress shirts in town all colors. \$1.50 to \$6.50. all sizes

Duvall's Quality Shop.

Pure silk socks for 65c in Phoenix or Iron Clad brands.

Duvall's Quality Shop.

Professor: (going over compositions) "Yes, parts of these compositions are very good (pauses and reflects) especially those parts in quotation marks."

Jones: "My! your wife has an ironical tongue!"
Brown: "Yep! It's guaranteed not to wear out."

Never again will we complain that the tests around here are hard since seeing a set of questions which another school put in the way of a set of prospective entrants. The highest mark made in the test was 85 per cent; said mark represents the number who failed. The answers given are those propounded by a friend at home who is considered intelligent:

LATIN 1—Translate a paragraph of Horace "Pony" into Latin.

Mihi faci non possunt; my energies have been expended in the opposite direction.

2—In your opinion what is the most remarkable thing about the Latin language?

The darn-fool questions these examiners put.

GREEK 3—Give the most important rule to be followed in studying Greek.

Take advantage of the optional system and avoid it.

4—What did Demosthenes write?

Words, words, words.

ENGLISH 5—If Dryden's aunt had been named Cynthia instead of Anne, what would have been the result upon his poetry?

Problem impossible of solution — — nothing is said of the hereditary warts on the other side of the house.

MATH. 6—If a bridge is 90 feet long, painted green at each end and suffering from spontaneous combustion of its under side, how long will a fat man stand theron to watch the moon rise o'er the city?

It depends on the corns of the policeman who's on that beat.

Greeter—"Say, Cowl, there's a fellow at the door, looking for you, with a wooden leg named Schmitt."

Cowl—"What's the name of the other leg?"

Dieter—"Whew! I got my ears all full of water.
Sambo—No wonder the lake is so low.

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Big, full shapes that
College Men like, in
beautiful Persian silks

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of Sweaters all made
right at the Stock
Yards in Chicago —
where they dont even
know what cotton
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\$6.00 - 15.00



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We offer you 450 caps
to choose from. All
with soft "bills" and
no "pup" patterns
either.

\$1.50 - 3.00

In Memoriam.

Giles Simms died with pneumonia resulting
from the Spanish Influenza during our vacation
in October. He was a student here during the
past two years.

William Kennedy, a former student of St. Joseph's, died with the Spanish Influenza contracted
while a member of the S. A. T. C. at St. Mary's
College, Dayton, Ohio.

Carl Stick, a former student of St. Joseph's,
died with the Spanish Influenza at his home in
Dayton.

May the souls of these departed find eternal
rest in the Lord.

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